

Songs in Merry Mood

PEMBERTON



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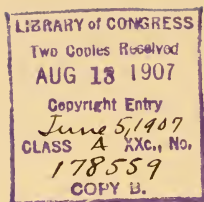
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SONGS
IN
Merry Mood

BY
ROBERT L. PEMBERTON

ORACLE PRESS
ST. MARYS, WEST VIRGINIA
1907



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TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER

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IT IS TO LAUGH

GRANT me, O Muse, the power to sing
The simpler songs of life,
To cheer the heart distressed, and bring
The soul away from strife;
To move humanity to quaff
The nectar of a childish laugh.

I ask not for the royal gift
Of epics sung to kings;
Nor yet the bristling mane to lift
By sounding martial strings—
’Twere cowardly to stand afar
And urge one’s brothers on to war.

Nor yet the sorrowful refrain
That draws the glistening tear;
The rankling of some ancient pain,
The waking up of fear;
It were a churlish thing to do—
To give the sky a darker hue.

Light-hearted as the happy bird
Now singing on that bough ;
A jest, a smile, a cheery word—
This gift to me allow ;
Word-pharmaceutist, if you will,
To sugar-coat a harmless pill.

I'd rather have the world to smile
Than look with sober eye ;
Grant me the gift to cure the bile,
To quash the mournful sigh,
To strike the lighter strings of mirth
And make a pleasant place of earth !

TO JOHN S. HALL

MORE than a score of winters, John,
Have come and passed away
Since first we knew our friendship true,
One blust'ry winter day ;
And calling up the hours we've spent
In argument together,
It seems as if they were besprent
With that same blust'ry weather.

With heads hot as the coal-fire, John,
By which we loved to sit,
Yet bitter word was never heard,
And never heart was hit ;
Our fancies, sometimes spun out fine,
Swept freely as the gale ;
You've held your own, and I've held mine,
In argument and tale.

We've sat until cock-crowing, John,
In many a stubborn fight,
You holding strong you were not wrong,
And I sure I was right ;

The blue smoke rolled above our heads
As on a battle field,
And fighting still, we sought our beds,
For neither point would yield.

And such should friendship be, John—
A tether not too tight,
So both may feed where they have need
And question neither's right;
So both can meet on common ground,
Yet each may go his way;
And that's the friendship that we found
Upon that blust'ry day.

CHRISTMAS SECRECY

ALL our folks is actin' queer
Now that Christmas 'most is here,
Dodgin' here an' hidin' there—
Lots of mist'ry in the air.

Pop slips slyly in the house,
Jes' as quiet as a mouse,
Goes upstairs with cat-like tread,
Hides a box beneath the bed,
Then comes down a-lookin' calm—
Innercent as any lamb.

Mam she comes up from the store,
Then stays watchin' at the door,
Till the 'livery wagon brings
To the house a lot o' things;
Then she hides 'em safe an' sound,
Som'ers where they can't be found.

Sis does like the grown-ups do—
She is hidin' somethin' too;
Workin' things in yarn, you know;
Mebbe slippers for her beau,
For she sings an' looks so gay—
Never minds the chaff I say.

An' I'm hidin', like the rest,
Somethin' down behind the chest.
Don't want Pop to find it yet —
Least, till Santy's come, you bet!
Guess what's down behind the chest?
Well, you never would 'ave guessed!
Pop's silk hat! He left it there,
Settin' on a parlor chair.
When I went to set down, too,
Gee! I thought I's goin' through!
That hat was an awful sight!
Tried my best to make it right,
But I couldn't smooth a crook!
'T had a concertina look,
So I folded it up tight,
An' I hid it out o' sight.

Pop will be surprised when he
Finds that hat — He'll give it me!
Gee, but things is awful blue,
An' it's almost Christmas, too!
Lot's o' myst'ry in the air —
Secrets round me everywhere,
An' you bet, I've got my share!

SATURDAY EVENING

I GO down town on Sat'day night,
With wife an' children three,
When all the shops is shinin' bright,
An' there is lots to see ;
It's jest like walkin' through a fair,
So many pretty things is there,
An' people throngin' everywhere,
On Sat'day, after tea.

An' I am happy as a king,
As happy as can be,
For in my pocket dollars ring,
An' all belong to me—
To me an' to my good wife true,
The children own a portion, too,
An' so we are a jolly crew,
On Sat'day, after tea.

To toy shop an' to candy store
We have a silver key ;
An' every merchant swings his door
So we can enter free ;
An' all the men of every land
Have put their goods at our command,
An' that's why we're a happy band,
On Sat'day, after tea.

KNEE DEEP

THE sunbeams were cheery, the atmosphere
warm,

And slumbering froggies awoke to the charm ;
Their very tails tingling with fresh, pulsing blood,
They struggled and broke through the thick bonds
of mud

And took their first bath, after long winter's sleep ;

 Their voices hilarious,

 In notes somewhat various,

Declared that the water was only knee deep !

"Knee deep ! Knee deep ! Knee deep !

It's fine to wake up from your sleep

 And find that it's Spring !

 And that's why we sing

In water that's only knee deep !"

But lo ! From the north came a great cloud of
snow

That scattered its burden quite thickly below ;

And back came Jack Frost with a grin on his face,

And over the swamp began froggies to chase !

The poor little songsters, too chilly to creep
Lay huddled and shivering,
Yet still, in notes quivering,
Declared that the snow would be only knee deep!
"Knee deep! Knee deep! Knee deep!"
But down came the flakes in a heap,
And far, far below,
All covered with snow,
They're dreaming it's only knee deep!

VIRELAI

I MET when sad—
Stung by the gad
Of Care, and mad
With weariness,
A maid in plaid,
Who flowers had,
And she was glad
To joyfulness.

With sweet caress
To me did press
And made confess
The flowers were fair;

Her cheerfulness
Drove out Distress
And gave egress
To carking Care.

Now grim Despair
No longer dare
My bosom share,
For she is Queen ;
And she will wear,
Bound in her hair,
Carnations rare
As e'er were seen.

So in the sheen
Of skies serene,
The soul may wean
Itself from dread ;
And Love may glean
The harvests clean,
Where sickles keen
Missed many a head.

THE CHOICE

ONE summer morn, when Nature's various parts
Vied in their powers to please, forth from
the marts
Into the quiet woods, young Edwin strode,
Hoping to find the peace that there abode,
To lose himself a moment from the strife,
To cool the fever of an ardent life.

Crossing a meadow where a brooklet played
At hide and seek in fringing willows' shade,
A time, with hat in hand, he walked the bank,
The while his very soul of Nature drank :
For never had the earth such beauty borne
As he beheld upon that summer morn.

Then, coming to a spot of richer green,
Where served a glossy haw-bush for a screen,
Full length upon the grass he idly lay,
And yielded wholly unto Nature's sway.
The varied voices of inquiring birds,
The hum of bees, like murmured, half-spoke words,
The tinkling of the brooklet's wee cascade,
The rustle of the leaves by zephyr swayed —

With these soft sounds the genie of the stream
On the recumbent youth did gently creep,
And bore him captive to the realm of sleep,
Where there befel him this prophetic dream :

Before him lay a lake — a shining sheet
Of highly polished silver, which did meet
Its verdant marge unbroken by a wave ;
If life it had, no sign of life it gave.
Upon its bosom lay an islet green,
Whence sweetly called the voice of one unseen,
Bidding him come ; without a thought or care,
Impelled as by an essence wondrous rare,
He forward ran, the lucid lake to try,
When, lo ! a boat upon the edge did lie,
Its silken sail well set ; its curved prow
Adorned with jewels that would grace the brow
Of fairest queen ; the bulwarks edged with gold ;
And at the helm, a steersman, bearded, old.

Into the bark he leaped. "O Helmsman, guide
Thy golden boat across this silver tide
Unto yon islet's shore !" Whereat the sail
Was filled, the bow was turned, and soon a trail
Of snowy bubbles marked the arrowy flight,
Dancing, like spirits freed, with wild delight.

Unto the silent Helmsman Edwin turned :
"If thou aught of this mystery hath learned,
And knowing, may'st disclose, I pray thee, tell
What unknown creatures on that islet dwell,

And why they call me thither? For I feel
Upon this voyage hangs my woe or weal."
Then parting with his hand the hoary beard
That screened his lips, thus answered he who
steered:

"I may not tell thee all, O gentle youth,
But thus much may I hazard: In good sooth,
On yonder islet are man's virtues weighed,
And by their worth his destiny is made."
Thus having spoken, on the farther shore
He fixed his gaze, nor would he utter more.
So motionless he sat, it seemed as he
Were portion of the boat, carved by some free
And daring hand, that gave him ease and strength,
But left him without soul; and when at length
The light keel grated on the island's strand
His features changed not. Edwin to the sand
Leaped quickly, and as quickly turned to lend
A helping hand unto his aged friend,
To moor the craft, or start it out anew —
But lo! both man and boat had gone from view!

Much marveling on this, some time he stood
In fixed abstraction, till his musing mood
Was broken by the Voice, giving command
To hasten; so he crossed the little strand
To thread the shady grove; but vine and tree
Were thickly woven; he could even see,
While vainly looking for an opening,
Buds bursting into shoots, and green shoots spring

Into great limbs, and tender vines grow old,
As if a score of years had o'er them rolled.

Again the strange Voice called, but fainter now ;
He heard, and with a frown upon his brow
He forward leaped, outstretching knotted arms
To force an entrance spite of spells or charms.
But ere his hand could touch the foremost spray,
The thick growth parted, and before him lay
A path as clear and fresh as new-mown mead,
On which he strode, his heart from trouble freed,
And gaily beating time unto the song
That issued from the throats of feathered throng.

Some distance walked he, till anon the lane
With widening vista broke upon a plain,
In which there stood a castle, grim and gray,
Stout-walled and turreted, while round it lay
A brimming moat ; and from its topmost tower
A gilded banner spoke of pomp and power.

And as, astonished, he did stand and stare,
For little had he thought of castle there
In midst of such an Eden, came the sound
Of creaking chains that on a windlass wound ;
The barred portcullis swung to greatest height,
And o'er the bridge rode forth a full-armed knight.
His visor down, his ponderous lance firm held,
Straight to the youth his charger he compelled ;
No word he gave, no trumpet's warning blare,
But sought to take his foe all unaware.

With paling lips, but stern-contracted brow,
Young Edwin drew his sword, resolved that now,
Let hap what might, the odds however great,
With courage he would meet his coming fate :
Yet murmured he a prayer unto his Lord
For strength of arm to wield the ready sword.
But scarcely had he placed himself on guard,
When horse and rider dropped upon the sward!
Amazed, the youth sprang forward to his foe,
And straight unclasped his helm, anxious to know
What hurt he had, and give him help, if need :
For still his tender heart for foes could bleed.
A ghastly face he saw, as if 't had lain
In burial vault, all covered with the stain
Of damp and death ; drawn out of human form,
And only fit for the destroying worm ;
And while he looked, the hollows deeper wore,
The visage shrank, and soon it was no more !

While wondering yet upon this strange event,
He rose, and towards the lordly castle went ;
But now there came weird noises all around,
Like myriad locusts, or continuous sound
Of mighty cataract, and through it all
Shrill, threatening voices seemed his name to call.
All suddenly the light of day died out ;
He felt winged creatures, as they flew about,
Brush in his face ; around his stumbling feet
He felt the clammy coils of serpents meet ;
And terror almost siezed him, when once more
He heard that clear Voice calling as before ;

And though the imps within that hellish throng
Caught up the cry and mimicked it, yet strong
Became his heart, and gasping a reply,
He clinched his hands, and strode on manfully.
Then was the veil of utter darkness torn,
As sunbeams dissipate the mists of morn
And show a brighter blue, a richer green ;
Nor loathsome fowl nor reptile could be seen.

After the horrors of that sudden night
The living meadows were a pleasant sight,
And with a love he never knew before,
Though oft enjoying Nature's carnival,
He heard the birds their melodies outpour,
And insects from the leafy coverts call.

Then, while his heart was still in pleasant mood,
Entranced, before the castle gate he stood ;
Yet seemed it not the building he had seen
When first he left the forest, for the sheen
Of purest alabaster on it lay,
Instead of the forbidding, gloomy gray ;
And in its portal, with a smiling face,
Stood one who was th' embodiment of grace.

"Welcome, brave youth," she said, and in her
voice
Was that which makes the soul of man rejoice —
Inimitable, holy ring of truth —
"A hearty welcome to my home, brave youth !
I am thy Genius, and since thy first cry
My pleasant lot has been to hover nigh

And mark thy steady growth, and gently lead
Thy earnest spirit on, from deed to deed,
Through childhood and through youth, till now
thou art

Come to the point where thou must choose thy part.
I've seen thee strive to pierce, like ancient seers,
The mystic veil that hides the future years,
But have, with loving care, withheld from thee
That power to gaze into futurity,
Until by tests I knew the hour at hand ;
But now, thou 'rt ripe — thy soul can understand.
I've tested thee, as one tries gold before
Adorning it with jewels ; and the door
That opens on thy future now is free
To swing back on its hinges. Follow me."

And so into a hall she led the way
Where music soft unceasingly did play
And made the hearing captive ; and the air
Was laden with the fragrance breezes bear
From sweet oasis in a desert land,
Refreshing and inspiring ; on a stand
Of polished onyx lay a crystal sphere,
Outrivaling the dew, so purely clear.
To this the spirit led, then to him turned :
"The hour hath come for which thy soul so yearned !
The future now is thine, and thou may'st look
And make thy choice."

And as it were a book
He read the crystal's depths : "I see my home !
There are the fields, the hills I love to roam ;

The pleasant woods, the purling brook, are there;
A scene of calm content, without a care!
I see a child — a full-faced, laughing boy,
Whose only thought is of his present joy:
His little round of life not yet become
A beaten path, with scenery wearisome.
The picture changes: Now the lad is grown
To lusty manhood, strong of flesh and bone,
And ripening like the fields that are his pride;
Beloved, revered by all the country side,
His heart is kindly, and by him the poor
Are helped, their sufferings better to endure;
In counsel wise and in conviction strong,
Heaven hath endowed him well. He goes along
His chosen way like steamship o'er the sea,
Heedless of wind and wave, straight to its quay.
Beyond all flattery or pompous pride,
No power he claims, yet none to him 's denied.
So in strong manhood is he loved, and now
When hoary age plows furrows in his brow,
I see him honored. To the waiting grave
He grandly goes — not as a writhing slave
To meet an angry Master — but as one
Who feels his work in life hath been well done.
Forgotten soon of men, yet throughout time
The life he lived will bear its fruit sublime.

"The play is o'er! And so my life must be
A life of peace — of gentle husbandry!
'Tis not as I had hoped, for in my heart
I longed to play a more ambitious part."

"Look yet again!" the Spirit to him said.
The youth obeyed, and as the shadow fled:
"Again," he cried, "my childhood's home I see,
Just as before — each field and hill and tree,
The happy lad, the farm house — all the same.
Now comes a change: Behold! Ambition's flame
Hath kindled fires within the young man's breast,
And all his soul's aglow with anxious quest
For certain honors; with a careless hand
He guides the plow along the portioned land.
Useless such toil for him who sorely grieves!
And wisely now the ill-kept farm he leaves
To seek the city, where, among his kind,
Responsive throbbings of the heart he'll find.

"By night and day he works; his hot brain teems
With plans for fame, with ever-dazzling schemes.
He studies men and methods, till at last
He reaps the harvest of the seed long cast:
His words are strong; men give him their belief;
They shout, rejoice! They hail him as their chief!
Now is he lifted up among the great —
Another prophet come to save the State!
His very nod is law; around him throng
The suppliants who feed upon the strong,
Who suck the life-blood of successful men
And are the first to scurry from them, when
Their waning strength betokens that the hour
Is near at hand when they shall lose their power.
But yet this man hath used dominion well,
Upbuilding and uplifting; many tell

How kind his heart, how tender is his love ;
Although as difficult it were to move
The dread tornado from its destined path
As turn aside this man when in his wrath.
So, foes he hath ; the men of selfish aim,
Who strive for factional success, to claim
Munificent rewards ; whose only care
Amid success, is for their shameless share ;
And them, contemning, he would sweep away ;
But they, like wolves forced from expected prey,
With hatred filled, go snarling to and fro,
Inciting others to attack their foe.

"And now, behold the end ! This man of
power,
Like all the rest, must have his final hour,
Must yield to mighty death ! Around him now
His followers, in grief sincerest, bow,
And as the long procession marches on,
The world laments a noble soul that 's gone !

"This, then, is masterful Ambition's end !
And yet the humbler life of him unkenned
Is not so different — a change of sphere,
And that is all. If one 's good deeds appear
So much the greater, so his deeds of ill
Proportionately grow ; the sterner will
Hath wider scope in which to work its way,
Yet bound by laws that govern common clay.

"Bright Spirit ! If it be for me to make
This day my choice, the humbler lot I take,

Content to follow, anxious not to lead,
Yer ever ready for my country's need."

The Spirit sweetly smiled ; upon his brow
She laid her hand, and said : "I knew that thou,
Whom I have studied since thy natal hour,
Would'st rightly weigh the worth of place and
power.

Well hast thou chosen, and thy life shall be
A fount of joy, exhaustless as the sea,
Whereof thy friends shall drink, and bless thy
choice."

And hearing yet the echo of her voice,
The youth awoke, and all the world was fair
With peace and love, and joy was everywhere.

THE MAN IN THE DITCH

HAVE you ever watched the navy as he
wielded pick and spade?

Have you ever thought you'd like to learn
the navy's heavy trade?

But if you or I should try it, I'm afraid there'd
be a botch ;

Something fascinating in it, though, or none would
stop to watch.

Yet while standing idly watching him, one learns
a lesson, which

May be classified as "Moral of the Man Down in
the Ditch."

Just observe him lift his pick up — not with any
hasty jerk,

But so easy and so careful — oh, the man knows
how to work !

And he brings it down so nicely — see, he doesn't
try to tear

Dewey Avenue to pieces every time he splits the
air ;

But a little here he scratches, and a little there he
scrapes,

And with almost gentle touches on the sides, the
trench he shapes.

He begins in early morning and he keeps it up all
day ;

When his back is tired, he stretches ; but he's in
the trench to stay

Till the job is all completed, and he sticks unto
the end,

When his labor is rewarded and he gets his brass
to spend.

But if you or I had tried it, we'd have hustled up
the work,

And some fifteen minutes later we'd have sought
a chance to shirk.

Now, the moral of the lesson is quite plain to
every one —

He who always does his utmost doesn't get the
most work done ;

It is "steady does it" always, and the man who
knows the rule.

Yet refuses to apply it is no better than a fool.

In her temple Fame has filled up many a pleasant
little niche

With the busts of men who've labored like the
man down in the ditch.

BOYS AGAIN

'T WAS good to roam the woodlands,
When the days were fine and warm,
Because each nook and hollow
Held a never-failing charm ;
The crane-bill grows in thickets,
And among the mossy rocks
The wild pink blooms its brightest,
High above the scented phlox ;
Bright buttercups here flourish,
And upon those grassy banks
The fighting johnny-jump-ups
Stand in closely crowded ranks.
But we forget the rambles
And the haunts we used to know,
When gently from the heavens
Comes the first good fall of snow.

The whirling, swirling snowdrops,
From their mystic source on high,
Come hurrying and scurrying,
Till soft and deep they lie ;

And there is fun for everyone,
For lads and lasses, too.
Away with fears! Shake off your years!
Let's join the merry crew!

When summer day was pleasant
And the breeze was from the south,
'Twas fine to hold a cricket
Just before a gaping mouth;
Or, if the fish refused it,
And the water not too cool,
There was ecstatic pleasure
Plunging in the limpid pool;
Or with a bunch of willows,
Making bower as well as sail,
To cleave the foamy billows
Like a pirate in a gale.
But we forget the fishing
And the winds that gently blow,
When through December's crispness
Comes the first good fall of snow.

The agile; fragile snowdrops
Bring a pleasure in their flight;
And shimmering and glimmering
With tremulous delight,
Invite us all to carnival
Of Winter's merry play.
Hurrah for snow! With cheeks aglow,
We're boys again today!

THE WOODLAND

WITH rod and with gun we'll away from
the sound

Of city to wild solitude,
Where joy's to be found in perpetual round,
And life to the dying's renewed.

The breath of the woods is as joyous as wine,
And lifteth the heart above care ;
No perfume so fine as the scent of the pine
When borne on the free forest air.

We'll break through the shams and the shallow
pretense
Veneering the civilized man ;
In forests immense, where the shadows are dense,
We'll live as when life first began.

Hurrah for the life of the forester bold !
Hurrah for the forester free !
With heart uncontrolled by the fever of gold,
The life of the woodsman for me !

THE SUMMER GIRL

THERE were three men, and they were young,
With stylish clothes and glib of tongue,
And as upon the porch they sat,
Engaged with pipes and idle chat,
The one called Billiam spoke and told
The tale that never groweth old :

"Twas in the first half of July
That I took my vacation ;
I thought this year that I would try
A quiet seaside station.

"There was a score of maidens fair ;
Of course it was my inning :
I chose the prettiest damsel there —
And that was the beginning.

"Soon on the white and glistening sand
We learned to lonely linger ;
And ere I left, a golden band
I placed upon her finger."

So saying, Billiam smiled the smile
Of one who's said what's worth the while,

And as again he blew the smoke,
'Twas thus that gentle Porgie spoke :

"It was in August, don't you know,
I went up in the mountains,
To build my health up from the flow
Of nasty smelling fountains.

"While there I met the finest girl
That ever I set eyes on :
She floated in the dizzy whirl ;
You bet she had no flies on.

"I didn't have a heap of cash,
But still I didn't waver ;
And, boys, you ought to see her flash
The diamond ring I gave her !"

And Porgie puffed with calm delight,
Because his conscience was all right ;
And then up spake young Samivel —
Here is the tale that he did tell :

"You know I've just come from the Fair,
Where girls are gathered thickly ;
Selecting one with golden hair,
I fell in love right quickly.

"I took her up the Alpine heights,
I took her to Creation ;
In short, I showed her all the sights,
Though costing like tarnation.

"She has my heart, she has my ring,
But yet she's mine in toto;
And now, to prove she's just the thing,
Behold! Here is her photo!"

And Billiam looked, and Porgie, too,
And — well, you see. it wouldn't do
For me to tell just what they said,
Because that was the girl who led
Young Billiam on the glistening strand,
And Porgie in that mountain land.

THE COMMON CAUSE

A WAY with that ignoble thought
Of jealousy in creed ;
Your narrow mind seems only fraught
With odds and ends by most forgot ;
Your cry is, "See the weed !"

One weed does not a garden spoil,
Nor errors kill a friend ;
Accept the pleasure with the toil ;
Smooth out life's troubled sea with oil ;
To all some grace extend.

Behold ! last week the corner stone
Of this new church was laid ;
By whom was most devotion shown ?
By members of this church alone
Was interest displayed ?

No ; to this spot the people came,
No matter what their creed ;
They thought not of a church's name ;
They sought not for sectarian fame ;
They cared not whose the deed.

Denominations all agreed
To join the common cause ;
To bid the holy work godspeed ;
To give their help in time of need,
Nor recked of selfish laws.

When goodly deeds are to be done
There's no sectarian hate ;
All human natures are as one —
As rivers from far sources run
To make the ocean great.

Away with thought of strife among
The followers of the Lord !
Rememb'ring that when bells are rung
No matter in what steeple hung,
Hearts beat in common chord.

THE TEAMSTER'S SONG

THE dust is thick and the road is long ;
The sun has a thousand stings ;
The wagon's creak gives a tune to his song
And thus the teamster sings :

"Git ep, thar, Charley ! Jim, wake up !
The hours are passin' by ;
Down thar by the gate the children wait,
An' the wife with the tender eye."

And in and out on the ridge of the hill
The yellow highway winds ;
The dust is fine as the grist, but still
The creaking wagon grinds.

"Gee haw, thar, Charley ! Git ep, Jim !
My lips are parched an' dry ;
I want to sup from the old tin cup,
With wife and children nigh."

The fragrance of the pines is good,
And rich is the meadow green ;
And near the stream in the edge of wood,
A cottage soon is seen.

"Now, whca, o'ld Charley ! Whca, old Jim !
You're not for passin' by ?
The kids are here with laughin' cheer,
An' the wife with the tender eye."

UNCONQUERED

WHEN the ice upon the crick
Is about two inches thick,
An' you hear Jack Frost a-crackin'
on the walls,
Billy tumbles inter bed,
An' his happy little head
Dreams o' skates an' figger eights an' shinny balls.

But when Monday mornin' s come,
Then our Billy he looks glum,
Fer the snow is jest a-pilin' on the ground;
It's enough to make him sick,
Fer he knows the ice is slick,
An' no more sich ice may come the winter round.

But does Billy moan an' pout?
No; he gits his ol' sled out
An' he whoops an' hollers as he runs along;
Fer it's allus been our plan
Jest to l'arn our little man
Fer to make the best o' things that's goin' wrong.

An' I allus do maintain
It would save us lots o' pain
If we'd all adopt a rule o' that 'ere kind;
No use pullin' with a load
Up a rough an' rocky road,
When there is a better road that you can find.

A CONTRAST

"What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And everything nice —
That's what little girls are made of."
— Old Rhyme.

SWEET little maidens of long, long ago,
Tenderly guarded from sunshine and rain,
Dreading as shameful a fine, healthy glow,
Looking on freckles and tan with disdain ;

Sweet little creatures of "sugar and spice,"
Showers of April would melt you away ;
Sweet little compounds of "everything nice,"
Sunbeams of August would dry you like hay ;

Painting pink horses in pastures of blue ;
Taught to move quietly, slow and demure,
Sitting for hours like a nun in a pew,
Sad was the life that you led, to be sure.

Up-to-date maidens have altered all that ;
Fearing no weather, they go where they wish,
Brave the hot sunbeams without any hat,
Dash through a rainstorm as happy as fish.

Listless and languid no longer they are :

Out in the world they are taking a part —
Special reporters describing the war ;

Traveling lecturers talking on art ;

Up in the pilot house turning the wheel ;

Managing business concerns with a vim ;

Pushing through Wall street a vigorous deal ;

Practicing medicine, setting a limb.

Such are the maidens that live in this day,

Yet just as sweet as the maidens of old ;

Probably spicier, too, in their way,

Certainly worthy their weight in pure gold.

DOCTOR CUPID

LOVE has brought a deal of trouble
To this world of ours ;
Yet, who minds a little stubble,
Gathering field flowers?

Just because Dan Cupid's arrow
Gives a pretty smart,
Do not make the gateway narrow
Leading to your heart.

Cupid's arrows, shot at random,
(For the fellow's blind,)
Hearts arranged in proper tandem
Sometimes fail to find.

Here a maid may sadly languish,
Moaning for a mate ;
There a swain may suffer anguish
At untoward fate.

But the cause of all this sickness
Is itself the cure,
Almost startling in its quickness, —
Never-failing, sure.

Homeopathist is Cupid ;
"Like for like !" his cry ;
Only those perversely stupid
Scorn the dose and die.

WILL LOVE GROW COLD

WILL love grow cold
As we grow old?
Oh, no! Oh, no!
For love that's pure
Will yet endure
And keep the heart aglow.

Will time efface
All pleasure's trace?
Oh, no! Oh, no!
The pleasures passed
Did but forecast
The pleasures we're to know.

Will sorrow spare?
And grief? and care?
Oh, no! Oh, no!
But love will live—
And love will give
New strength to meet the foe.

RECREATION

WHEN we tire of fighting battles in the
ceaseless war of life,
And the brain calls for sedatives till it's
fit again for strife,
Odd enough we turn to novels, for the peace that
they afford —
For they're full of business tangles, booming gun
and whistling sword.
The adventures of the hero keep us in a perfect
whirl,
Wondering whether he'll die early, or will marry
his best girl.
He is caught in tightest places; he is under direst
ban;
Some foul crime has been committed, and he
surely is the man;
Cool detectives piece around him chain of evi-
dence complete;
Even she who loves him dearly half believes he is
a cheat.
Will he make a frank confession, and, with
pledges to reform,
Be received with open arms again and sheltered
from the storm?

Or with her he loves so madly will he seek a foreign clime,
There to lead a life of honor and to make amends for crime?
Not a bit of it! The hero, like a surgeon true and wise
Waiting for a boil to ripen, ere the lancet keen he tries,
Lets his troubles get together, till he's hidden in the pile;
Then he gives his explanation — Puff! Let everybody smile!
For the hero is a hero, and the villain is betrayed,
And the happiest little lady is the hero's little maid.

Yes, there's rest and recreation in the novels that we read
When we tire of fighting battles; for we all of us have need
Of reflecting that our troubles, though they seem o'erwhelming great,
Might have been a great deal greater, were it not for kindly Fate.

How severely you'd have suffered, had it been your awful lot
To be born a Chinese baby or a coal-black Hot-tentot!
And it's nice to think, moreover, (though perhaps it is not kind)

That however much we suffer in this life of daily
grind,
There are hundreds, thousands, millions, both at
home and o'er the sea,
Who endure unnumbered hardships, and who
suffer more than we.

AN ENGLISH PRIMROSE

A PRIMROSE from Old England, eh? A
message from the East,
To gladder make this happy morn and grace
an Easter feast!
Although our own sweet woodland flowers, more
beautiful, invite
Our love and admiration, ever giving us delight,
Yet this one is from England—from that land
across the sea,
And, oh! the thoughts are pleasant that it brings
to you and me!
To you—remembrance of the past—of child-
hood's happy hours—
Life's springtime in the pleasant fields adorned
with golden flowers;
The nosegays and the garlands woven in the
hawthorn's shade,

The chime of bells from distant towers, the village
 through the glade ;
The kith and kin that made your world ere you
 began to roam ;
The fragrance and the essence of the dear old
 place called "Home."

To me — a dim tradition, like a vista in a dream,
Illuminated here and there by some faint, fitful
 gleam ;
The birthplace of our freedom, and the place
 whence heroes sprung,
Where poets learned to touch the lyre and to the
 new world sung ;
And now to me this primrose brings the scent of
 those old days,
And calls to life the swinging lines of good old
 English lays.

And like a hand across the sea, this primrose
 comes to claim
Again the kinship of the race — the glories of the
 name,
The common cause of common blood, of freedom
 and of law,
Achievements of a mighty race that fills the world
 with awe.
The other day that yellow cup held drops of
 English dew,
And England, looking o'er the sea, drank "Here's
 a health to you."

TELEPATHY

WHEN Lizzie crinkles up her hair
And ties her bows with greatest care,
She's warned by something in the air
That Johnny Sparker will be there —
Now, that's telepathy!

When Willie, on his way from school,
Goes paddling in a muddy pool,
He feels somehow, he's played the fool,
And dreads his mother's paddling rule —
And that's telepathy!

When Jones, who once his full name wrote
For friendship's sake on Jimson's note,
Gets news that Jimson's cut his throat,
And feels he has not left a groat,—
Well, that's telepathy!

When Bilkins at the club stays late,
And wobbles home with muddled pate,
Attempting to appear sedate
Before he meets his anxious mate —
Well, that's telepathy!

When Jinks's home is in a rout,
Soapsuds are in and meat is out,
With not a tidy place about,
And Jinks brings Binks to dine — I doubt
If that's telepathy!

AN OLD-TIMER

'MOST any one can teach, (the old man said)
All that it takes is jest a level head,
An' no great stock o' l'arnin' or o' wit;
The most a body needs is lots o' grit,
An' muscle, too, to back up what you say.
To hire a weak-backed person doesn't pay.
I've went ter school myself when I's a kid
An' know jest how some things ought ter be did.

The fust thing needed on the openin' day,
To keep the kids from cuttin' up too gay,
Is jest a bunch o' withes — say birch, they're best,
They're windin' like an' hot, an' stand the test.
An' then the teacher, who should be about
Six foot or more, an' built accordin' — stout —
Though size, I 'low, don't allus count fur much,
Purvided that he's quick of eye and touch —
The teacher then, I says, gits up an' lays
The rules right down, an' them 'at discbeys
Will see by them 'ere withes jest what they'll
ketch,

An' that there'll be no monkeyshines cr sech,
An' everyone must git right down to work,
An' woe to idlers that will try to shirk!
Then out with spellin' book or 'rithmetic,
An' school commences right off, mighty quick.

An' say, right here I want to say as how
I've got no use fur what they're teachin' now
'Bout physiography an' all that stuff;
L'arn 'em to read an' cipher — that's enough!
That's all the eddycation they give me,
An' I've done purty well, as all can see —
There hain't no farm around as good as mine,
An' I have raised a family of nine.

No, sir! Now, let me tell you — fling away
Most all the books you're botherin' with today,
An' l'arn 'em how to figger an' to read —
Jest keep 'em down to things they reelly need,
An' withe 'em hard each time you see 'em fool,
An' then you'll have a good, old-fashioned school.

Now, lemme tell you what I seen last spring —
It was the most disgraceful, shameful thing!
As I was on that pi'nt, a cuttin' brush,
Hyer comes a lot o' children in a rush,
All whoopin', howlin', yellin' like they's mad,
An' arter 'em the teaches, with a gad.
By jocks! says I, them kids is broken loose
An' teacher's arter 'em, as sure's the deuce!
So on they come, an' ripped and roared an'
cheered,
An' didn't seem to be the least bit skeered.
Now, that's your woman teacher! Kids run off!
An' when she calls 'em, they just yell an' scoff!
But I'm a school trustee, an' so, says I,
I can't allow these things when I'm close by,

So down I throws my ax, an' makes a leap,
An' ketches two, that bleat jest like a sheep.

"See hyer," says I, "this kind o' work won't do!
I'll see 't your teacher puts you fellers through,
An' if she can't I'll help her. No back talk!
Or else I'll wallop you so you can't walk!"
With that I yanks 'em back to where she stood;
She had ketched one — the littlest o' the brood.
"Hyer's two of 'em," says I, "both ornry chaps,
That ought to have a dose o' well oiled straps.
I'll hold 'em while you withe 'em — hit 'em hard,
An' mebbe nex' time they'll stay in the yard."

"What for?" says she; "What have the poor
dears done?"

"What fur?" says I; "Why, didn't I see 'em run,
An' you right arter 'em, with that 'ere gad?
Hain't they run off frum school, an' actin' bad?"
"Why no," says she; "We took this awfternoon
To sawnter through the woods, an' to commune
With glorious natur'—" an' a lot o' stuff
She said like that, 'at put me in a huff.
An' then I ups an' tells her hit's a crime
The way she's puttin' in her teachin' time.

By jocks! To think o' taxes that we pay
All squandered in that foolish sort o' way!
Instid o' keepin' at their books, they run,
Teacher an' all, about the woods, fur fun!
Commune with natur'! Pickin' flowers an' weeds!
Neglectin' all their actual, livin' needs!

No, sir ! says I. No more sech schools fer me !
An' jest as long as I'm to be trustee,
I'll vote again these hifalutin ways,
An' have school teach'd like in the good old days.

CUPID'S MISTAKE

I HEARD a lover tell his love,
Enveloped in the evening shade,
With words that might Parrhasius move,
Yet raised no pity in the maid.

The fire of love burned in his breast ;
The light of love lit up his eye ;
For love he led untiring quest,
For love he laid him down to die.

O Cupid, here were you to blame,
For sending shaft in reckless flight !
A watchful eye, a careful aim,
Had saved the lover from this plight.

RETA

HOW honor her who is beyond all praise?
 As well add whiteness to the falling snow,
 Or lend a candle to the sun's bright rays,
 Or to the ocean give yon brooklet's flow.
 Oft have I stood, as bound in subtle chains,
 And listened to the viol's symphony;
 But when I heard her speak, then died the strains,
 And life itself was lost in ecstasy.
 To what, then, shall I liken her? Is there
 On earth a symbol that may mean her grace,
 Her voice, her form, her forehead wondrous fair?
 Oh, she is peerless, and in vain I chase
 Swift flying similes; she is alone,
 And peerless on her solitary throne.

WE 'LL VANQUISH TIME WITH LOVE

WE 'LL vanquish time with love, my dear,
We 'll vanquish time with love ;
Though silver messengers appear
To warn us that the winter 's near,
We 'll hold the summer always here —
We 'll vanquish time with love.
With love so gentle, love so strong ;
With love that bears the world along ;
With love that laughs in joyous song —
We 'll vanquish time with love.

It 's all in how to love, my dear,
It 's all in how to love ;
The world has neither pang nor fear,
Distress nor grief, nor lack of cheer,
Nor ever comes a torment near,
If one knows how to love.
To love, and live as in a dream ;
To love, and sail a mystic stream ;
To love, and catch a heavenly gleam —
If one knows how to love !

It's giving all for love, my dear,

It's giving all for love ;

It's blending in a perfect sphere

The pearls of faith, year after year ;

It's making hearts as crystals clear ;

It's giving all for love.

For love, for which the good knights fought ;

For love, for which the artist wrought ;

For love, which gold has never bought —

It's giving all for love.

SUNNY DAYS

THE world is good on sunny days,
Light-hearted and vivacious;
The birds sing out in joyous praise,
The air is full of merry lays,
And everyone is gracious.

The blind musician on the street
Gets sympathy of shoppers;
The tunes he grinds seem even sweet,
So everyone gives him a treat
Of nickels or of coppers.

In clink of chisel on the stone,
In children's cheery voices,
In creak of wheel, in ring of 'phone,
In puff of train — in every tone
We feel that earth rejoices.

Who cares if this be in the Fall,
And soon it will be snowing?
Still can we hear the robin's call,
Still sunshine fills the hearts of all
And sets all faces glowing.

And still, in days like these, we grow
Far larger and far better ;
Our hearts dwell on the good we know,
And far away from us we throw
Each weary chain and fetter.

A sparkling eye, a smiling face,
A pleasant salutation,
May o'er the world a passage trace ;
Who knows how far a charming grace
Will spread sweet delectation?

BEAUTY AND SYMPATHY

BEAUTY, what art thou but a sunbeam fleet-
ing?

Red lips, smooth cheeks and forehead smooth
and fair,

Are all ephemeral, for Time will wear
Their color and their freshness at each meeting.

What, hast thou power to fill the sluggish mind
With noble thoughts and famous aspirations?

To soul uncurbed canst thou teach winning
patience,

Or sweetly to stern duty be resigned?

These Sympathy may do, but Beauty, never ;

Sweet Sympathy, who rules the heart of youth,
Of manhood and of age ; whose gentle fire

We'ds heart to heart, that nothing may dis sever ;

Whose ba'm is hope, whose banner is the truth,
Who arms the warrior, tunes the poet's lyre.

A BOY WITHOUT A KNIFE

LAST night I had an awful dream,
The worst one in my life;
I dreamed that I had turned into
A Boy without a Knife!

In truth it has been many years
Since boyhood ceased for me,
And if I had the power, I'd choose
Again a boy to be.

But not a Boy without a Knife!
Far rather any fate
Than be the creature of my dream —
That outcast at the gate!

I dreamed that I and other boys
Went walking up Skull Run,
And that we made the hollows ring
Glad echoes to our fun.

And I was happiest of all:
The spring air seemed to make
The blood go dancing through my veins,
And set each nerve awake.

Then, coming to a walnut tree,
Each boy cut off a limb,
And fashioned it upon his knee
Into a whistle trim.

But I, alas, was left to mourn !
For me no rustic life !
I searched my clothes, and found I was
A Boy without a Knife !

In vain I tried to borrow one —
My comrades would not hear,
But stood about, with cheeks puffed out,
And blew their whistles clear !

Then in despair I wandered off
To where a pleasant pool
Invited boat to idly float,
Impelled by zephyrs cool.

The others followed, and with knives
Made ships and sloops galore,
Which sailed to make discoveries
Upon an unknown shore.

Enraged, again I strove to find
A solitary spot,
Where none could come to taunt me with
A thing that I had not.

But everywhere they followed me —
That diabolic crew —

And flashed their knives so I could see
What things a knife could do.

Great kites they made that sailed aloft
And tortured me to to see ;
They played the game of mumble-peg
But ne'er invited me.

On beech tree bark they cut their names ;
They whittled blocks of pine ;
Made windmills, swords, and curious things
Of quaint and queer design.

And all they did was agony
Unto my suffering soul,
Until my smoldering passions burst
In rage beyond control.

With clubs and stones I laid about
In most distressful strife,
Until I woke, and ceased to be
A Boy without a Knife !

TOMMY AND JANE

AS I went a-walking down Gallaher's Lane,
I chanced a couple to see ;
'Twas Tommy and Jane, and the innocent
twain
Were happy as happy could be, tra la,
Were happy as fish in the sea.

They strolled hand in hand, as most innocents will,
And love lent to Fancy a wing ;
A bird on the hill caused the echoes to thrill —
I realized then it was Spring, tra la,
The time for the robins to sing.

The time for the dove to be hunting a mate,
The time to be planning a nest,
When lovers swing late on the old garden gate,
And keep the old folks from their rest, tra la,
From sleep that's regarded as best.

The time for the farmer to plow up his land,
The time for the greens to appear,
The time for a bland promenade hand in hand
With one that you hold very dear, tra la,
Who sweetens the time of the year.

May Tommy and Jane keep their love ever new,
May Spring from their path ne'er depart,
Their sky be of blue, and each bird-song a cue
For kisses that spring from the heart, tra, la,
With love that no trial can thwart.

WINTER SUNSHINE

BRIGHT shines the sun upon the stricken
earth —

From genial May King Winter steals some
hours

And gilds with mockery the scene of dearth ;
Yet does the trick so well, that scent of flowers
And leaves unfolding, by the breeze is borne,
Just as it is upon a springtime morn.

So, when the winter of our lives appears,
Let's have no dreary days, but call on Love
To brighten all our paths and banish fears,
And make this world resemble that above ;
For Love can break the force of Winter's cold,
And light the dark'ning skies with beams of gold.

IN DECEMBER

I LOOK abroad, and see the world as dead ;
No light, no cheer, no welcome anywhere ;
Brown fields, black hills and skies the hue of
 lead —
Accessaries and agents of Despair !

The lengthening shadows of the dying year
Have weight and substance, and they grimly
 come,
O'erwhelming and oppressing, till through fear
The blood has ceased to pulse and nerves are
 dumb.

Turn, turn, my soul ! Bar out the dismal view,
And look within, where joy and welcome wait !
Where Love's fair sunshine will thy strength renew,
And lend thee smiles to meet whatever fate !

WISHES

I 'D like to be a millionaire about two hundred times,

And travel where I want to in all sorts of lands and climes ;

I 'd bring to pass the steamboatman's most beatific dream,

And deepen the Ohio to a navigable stream.

I 've heard about the drawbacks that the millionaires confess,

But millionaire I 'd like to be—for some time, ne'ertheless.

I 'd like to be the President of these United States:
I 'd keep the politicians pretty busy scratching pates ;

I 'd banish all tuxedos to the Island of Sulu,

And cause a revolution in the style of Irish stew.

They say it takes some nerve to be a brilliant success,

But President I 'd like to be for four years, ne'ertheless.

I 'd like to be a castaway upon a palmy isle,

With no one near to tell me that my clothes are not in style ;

Where I can kick my shoes away and roll my
trousers high,
And give the corns that trouble me a vigorous
good-by.
Of course I might get hungry and would miss the
fragrant mess,
But castaway I'd like to be, a brief time, ne'er-
theless.

I'd like to be a farmer in a gentlemanly way,
With lots of hands to gather in the pumpkins and
the hay ;
And raise my own potatoes for the good old
noonday hash,
And have some oil wells on the place to bring in
ready cash.
The seasons might hit hard sometimes, and force
me to eat cress,
A farmer still I'd like to be, a few days, ne'ertheless.
I'd like to be a merchant and to run a general
store,
I'd hire the finest looking clerks that ever trod a
floor ;
I'd eat the raisins and the nuts while sitting by
the fire,
And help myself to anything my fancy might desire.
I've heard of merchants doing that and coming to
distress,
A merchant, though, I'd like to be—at Christmas
—ne'ertheless.

LONGINGS

I LOVE to wander in the fields,
To note the wonders Nature yields
For man's delight in earth and sky —
The fragrant fields, where you and I
In former times have often caught
The perfume of the flowers, brought
By gentle zephyrs from the bowers
Where bees spend many happy hours.

And more especially I love
Bright summer on such days as these—
When blizzards hit without a glove,
And Jack Frost gives us such a squeeze.

I love to lie beside the stream
For hours and hours, and idly dream
Upon a world created fair
And kept forever free from care ;
To hear the bird upon the bough
In merry music tell me how
He wooed and won his artless mate,
Who on her nest sits quite sedate.

O little birds! I hope that you're
Enjoying well your winter's rest,
From zero weather all secure,
And blanketed within your nest.

I love to walk 'mid forest trees,
And feel upon my brow the breeze
Come cool and fresh from leafy shade;
To see the rabbits on parade;
To hear the little chipmunk swear;
To gather orchids rather rare;
To have the perspiration chase
In tickling rivers down my face.

In fact, when snow is on the ground,
My love for summer is intense;
Though, when that season rolls around
It may be that I'll wish it hence.

THE CONFLICT

DARK with hate was the face of the King,
As he stood from his minions apart;
And his eyes glinted bright with the cold,
cruel light
Of the evil intent in his heart.

He looked down on the land he had won —
Sorely stricken and torn with the war
He had waged when the Lord of the fair land
had gone
On a visit to regions afar.

He delighted to gaze on the woe;
He was glad with a vengeance-born joy;
"Never tribute," he cried, "I demand of my foe:
First I conquer, and then I destroy!"

And then at his dread breathing, the land
Became wasted, and dreary and chill;
The great forests were dead; every creature had
fled;
Even hushed was the song of the rill.

And no longer the glad people went

Gaily laughing, to labor afield —

They were cowering low in the depth of their
 woe!

On their knees unto God they appealed.

Now they prayed the return of their Lord —

For his speedy home-coming they prayed ;

They had faith in the swing of his terrible sword,
In the gleam of his conquering blade.

But he sent, from his realm in the South,

A slight maiden, his love to assure ;

With a smile she advanced, and her eyes kindly
 glanced

With the light of a love that was pure.

Then a fear seized the King of the North,

For her smile put his minions to flight ;

And the people, emboldened, rejoicing came forth
With their welcoming songs of delight.

And the brook's merry music was heard,

And the forest arose unto life,

And the deserts grew green, and the good, gold-
 en sheen

Covered gently the scars of the strife.

FATE

WHEN Jerry married Susy Ann,
Their thoughts were of the present :
They had a very modest plan
By which to eke
On ten a week
A modest life but pleasant.

A year or two thus rolled away,
Then thought they of their neighbors
Who had no landlord bills to pay,
While they had spent
For monthly rent
The product of their labors.

So they procured a house and land ;
With grim determination
They worked and worried, schemed and planned
Till debts were paid,
And they surveyed
Their own with exultation.

But scarcely had they settled down
 Delighted with their blessing,
When they resolved to move to town
 Wherein are found
 An endless round
Of pleasures worth possessing.

Then for a space life was a joy,
 Unlike the old-time quiet ;
Until they saw the latest toy—
 An auto, and
 They made a grand
Reduction sale to buy it.

They bowled along the avenue,
 Into the country sallied ;
The choo-choo down a hillside flew,
 And struck a rock—
 From that dread shock
The couple never rallied. .

If Jerry and his Susy Ann—
 But what 's the use of talking?
Some people live a lengthened span
 Yet drive a pace
 Like frenzied race,
And others die while walking.

THE CALL OF THE 'PHONE

THEY were holding conversation in a desultory way,

Sometimes pausing for a moment to consider what to say,

Till at last a subject started that he followed with delight,

And he toasted it and roasted it regardless of time's flight.

It was leading to a point that he had long desired to reach,

And he hoped that the result would be eternal joy to each;

He was leaving in the morning—his vacation would be o'er,

And he hated to be fated to uncertainty once more.

Now or never he would settle it; away with doubt and dread!

So with nerves at mighty tension, he enclosed her hand and said:

"Why may we not live forever"—then a call rang
on the phone!

"Some one's ringing!" and upspringing, there she
left him, all alone!

Strong in patience, there he waited; she returned
with blushing face;

He resumed the old, old story at the interrupted
place,

Told it with such flow of language it surprised
his timid soul;

Her eyes glistened while she listened and a tear
escaped control.

When at length he popped the question, then she
looked most sweetly sad;

"Don't be angry with me, Reggie, but it's really
too bad!

If you'd been a wee bit quicker—that was
Charlie at the phone—

There's no knowing—You're not going?" But
he left her there alone.

PROGRESS

THE good old days, the good old days!
Ah me, they're passing fast;
'Tis well the poets sing their praise,
Because they cannot last!

The pastor, in the days of old,
Might take his little glass;
But now, the sheep would jump the fold
If he should be so crass.

The Father of our Country held
That lotteries were good;
But now, by public voice compelled,
They're driven to the wood.

The car conductor must refrain
From language full of vim,
For fear his passengers complain
And put an end to him.

But when you hear the last they tell,
You'll wonder "where we're at;"
The landlord of a big hotel
Is "fired" because he's fat!

Why, ever since the world was made,
When men desired to dine,
The fat inn keeper drew the trade —
He was a living sign.

Oh, what a prospect is in view
Of years that are to come !
When steamboat mates shall softly coo,
And singers shall be dumb !

When seedless fruit is all the go,
And reckless pilots guide
The noiseless steamboat to and fro
Upon a wetless tide !

When wingless birds shall cleave the air,
And tongueless are the bells ;
And fatless men shall have the care
Of all our big hotels !

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST

PESSIMIST

OH, tell me not the world is fair ;
But rather say 'tis full of care,
O'erclouded with distress and pain,
With sorrows in an endless chain.

OPTIMIST

What, is your memory so short
You have forgot your youthful sport ?
And shall one touch of sorrow kill
The joys that once your heart did thrill ?

PESSIMIST

Oh, tell me not that woman's true,
That virtue lurks in eyes of blue !
Say rather that Deception roves
In realms that God intended Love's.

OPTIMIST

Because one woman played you false
And chose another for the waltz,
Would you condemn the millions who
Unto the ones they pledge are true?

PESSIMIST

I own there are some men so pure
That angels' selves are scarcely truer;
But in the world's truth-scorning eye
Such men are fools — until they die.

OPTIMIST

Then why in general terms would you
Rank with the bad the noble, too?
Your observation well may teach
'Tis very few of men you reach.

PESSIMIST

To garner gold or heighten pleasure
Fills up the most of man's short measure;
And then, like fish that seize the bait,
They fight to live life o'er — too late.

OPTIMIST

Some truth in that, I must admit,
And there I palpably am hit;
And yet I don't think we intend
To be so frivolous to the end.

PESSIMIST

Insidious Vice leaps o'er the earth,
And Virtue's strangled in its birth;
To all, save Youth's untutored eyes,
This earth is far from Paradise.

OPTIMIST

Nay, surely, Virtue is alive,
And Vice has much to do to thrive;
But each one makes this world a bit
Of Heaven or Hell, as he sees fit.

GET THE BEST

A PEDDLER was showing me some of his
ware ;

I longingly looked, for the bargains seemed
rare,

When down came a bird from his flight in the air,

And perched on the arbor to rest ;

Then sang, as he gave me a quizzical stare,

"Get the best ! Get the best ! Get the best !"

Though money be scarce, it is certainly true

It's best to get things that are solid all through,

That are, when they're old, just as good as when
new,

Like many a Jo Miller jest ;

There's wisdom in taking the little bird's cue :

"Get the best ! Get the best ! Get the best !"

Cheap hats may be good for a single parade ;

The shoes come apart when through water you
wade ;

The trousers may bag, or their color may fade,

Or fail to connect with the vest ;

It's wisdom to take this advice in a trade :

"Get the best ! Get the best ! Get the best !"

Avoid imitation, gilt, sham and veneer,
Though good as the genuine stuff it appear,
You'll find in the end that it costs very dear,
And then you'll be strongly impressed
That song of the bird is a good thing to hear :
"Get the best! Get the best! Get the best!"

In choosing your friends, too, the rule will apply :
Do not altogether depend on the eye—
The forms may seem good, but some figures will lie,
And hearts may not answer the test ;
In all that you choose, or in all that you buy,
"Get the best! Get the best! Get the best!"

THE STUDENT

TO show he is a gentleman
Of credit and good breeding,
To prove his race, he goes the pace—
And it is glorious speeding!
From rout to rout,
With merry shout
He runs about,
His spirits bubbling laughter;
And as he kinks
His arm and drinks
He never thinks
Upon the morning after!

Amid the giddy social whirl
He is a bright star shining;
He ne'er forgets a date, nor lets
A chance go by for dining.
He's always found
In merry round,
Where jokes resound
Against the groaning rafter;
A butterfly,
He flutters high,
But wonders why
Upon the morning after!

THE AWAKENING

THE greatest changes in our lives arise from
simple things,

An' history shows how little things have made
men to be kings.

It's jest the way you take 'em, or the way that
they take you—

In that debate I'm never sure jest which side is
the true ;

But this I know : if 't hadn't been that I was
mighty dry,

An' stopped at Turner's fur a drink, instead o'
ploddin' by,

Life wouldn't now be near so bright, as Dollie
half agrees—

Fur there set Dollie on the porch, a-shellin' of
some peas.

I'd seen her many times before, an' liked her
mighty well ;

I'd often heerd the fellers say she was the county
belle ;

She had a pleasant way with her, that made her
lots o' friends;

She had that winnin' woman's way the Testa-
ment commends;

An' purty as a pictur'—say, no pictur' ever made
Shows up so well as she did there, a-settin' in the
shade,

Her bonnet pushed back from her face, a sauce-
pan on her knees,

That mornin' when I seen her on the porch
a-shellin' peas.

We 'd gone to school together, way up yander on
the hill;

I 'd allus called her Dollie, an' she 'd allus called
me Bill.

Why, we 'd been chums since we was kids, an'
quarreled, too, we had,

But, bless you, she was not the kind to stay for-
ever mad.

I didn't know she liked me then; I didn't even
know

How fur my likin' her had grown—if likin's ever
grow—

But all at once I trembled, like a poplar in a
breeze,

Fur then I knowed I loved her, as she set there
shellin' peas.

SONG OF THE GRIPPED

HARK to the song of the man with a cold,
Voicing it up from the depths of his hold,
Rasping and gasping in evident pain,
Sneezing and wheezing this silly refrain :

"Don't look at me !
At-choo ! At-chee !
I can't help sneezing,
Though it's displeasing !
K-r-r-r-roo ! K-r-r-r-ree !"

Swelled to unusual dimensions his head ;
Cares not a red for Bill, Teddy or Ed,
Panama, grannyma, 'Zollern or Guelph—
All his sensations are centered on self.

"Don't look at me," etc.

He's in the grasp of the terrible grip ;
"Ich hab' ein' sehr schlimmen schrumpfen"—don't
trip !

Laden with lotions he cannot recal.—
Camphor-gum, turpentine, lamp oil and all.

"Don't look at me," etc.

Nerve lines are crossed so he cannot locate
Painful sensations, no matter how great ;
Pain in the back has got into the head,
And headache has gone to his great toe instead.

"Don't look at me," etc.

Once, he remembers, a long time ago,
Laughing he listened to sad tale of woe ;
Sad tale of woe—for it was of a cold,
And now it comes back to him ten hundred fold.

"Don't look at me !
At-choo ! At-chee !
I can't help sneezing,
Though it's displeasing !
K-r-r-r-roo ! K-r-r-r-ree !"

CATCHING THE TRAIN

WE'RE all in a flurry,
Great bustle and worry,
Quick question for this and for that.
"Where are the valises?"
I've got 'em—two pieces:
"Stop, John! You're forgetting your hat!
Is my hat on straight now?"
Come on—we are late now!
"Oh, John, did you put out the cat?"

At last we are ready,
Come on, now; hold, steady!
It's dark on the steps after night.
What's that? "It is raining!"
Well, no use complaining:
Umbrellas are strapped good and tight.
Of course, dear, you knew it—
You told me to do it—
Can't get 'em until there's a light.

"If we had a hack now !"
Too late to go back now—
It 's time for the train to be here ;
In less than a minute
We both shall be in it
And laughing at this mad career.
Step lively ! Fly faster !
Humph ! Call this disaster ?
It 's fun if you think so, my dear !

Hurrah ! Here 's the station !
What 's that ? Desperation !
We 've got one hour-forty to wait !
"What good was our dashing
And mud-puddle splashing ?
But that has been always our fate !"
By George ! Say, that 's funny !
Forgot all my money !
It 's lucky the train is so late !

THE CARNIVAL

THE carnival has come to town ;
I'm goin' to get gay ;
I'm goin' to plank my money down
An' see it float away ;
I'm goin' to see the funny clown
An' hear the brass band play.

Say, fellers, here 's a circle swing !
Le 's jump a pony's back
An' take a lope around the ring ;
Whoa ! Steady ! Git ep, Jack !
Look out, there, kids ! The measly thing
Is like ter jump the track !

Le 's board the mighty Ferris wheel
An' travel to the sky ;
It's curious how queer you feel
When you get up so high.
Say, don 't it make your blood congeal
To hear that bagpipe cry ?

Lookout! I'm goin' ter shoot a card
An' win that watch, you bet!
What's that? Some collar buttons, pard?
Why that's the worst luck, yet!
Come on! Le's hit a nigger's head;
I'll give you half I get.

Who plunked me with that rubber ball?
I'll rub her neck—you'll see!
Le's sling confetti on 'em all!
Say, stop that punchin' me!
I'm takin' in the Carnival
An' guess the street is free.

EVENING ON THE RIVER

OUT from the willows
Drifts the boat upon the tide,
While fairy billows
Lightly roll beside.
Where the vain moon hovers
O'er her own reflection fair,
Nature, dear to lovers,
Will her graces share.

Ohio! Kind river,
Whom the winds love to caress;
River! Bright river!
Keep the secret we confess!

Sweet music stealing
O'er the gentle moving stream,
Softly appealing
Bids our fancies dream—
Could this be forever,
Nothing more could we desire;
On this moonlit river,
Love could never tire.

Ohio! Broad river!
Wonderful and gentle stream!
River! Strong river!
Keep thou well our blissful dream!

THE WEST VIRGINIA BANANA

EXPERTS tell us that the wheat crop is two
hundred millions short,
And it means the world will suffer, if there's
truth in that report,
For the prices asked for breadstuffs will be lifted
up so high,
Only millionaires and officeholders can afford to
buy;
But another rumor hits us in the hollow of our
craw—
It is said there is a shortage of the custard-like
pawpaw!

Let the wheat crop go to thunder! We can live
on yellow pone,
Like our pioneer forefathers, to whom wheat was
scarcely known;
We can even stave off hunger for a chunk of
juicy steak,
Or deny ourselves a chicken for financial stand-
ing's sake;
But the camel's back was broken, it is said, with
that last straw—
And we cannot help this yearning for the flavor of
pawpaw.

What care we for golden pippin, mellow pear, or
 plum or peach,
If the Mountain State banana only comes within
 our reach?
There 's a vacancy within us that is aching to be
 filled,
Which defies the orchard's beauties or the dish of
 cook well skilled ;
But this hunger on our vitals for another year must
 gnaw,
For they say there is a failure of the luscious, rich
 pawpaw.

THE CATBIRD

THERE'S a merry little beggar in a tree
Who persistently declines to let me be—
In the morning, very early,
He performs a hurly-burly,
Quite enough to make me surly—
For I'm longing still in dreamland far to flee.

He's the sleekest dressed of all the feathered race,
And he needs no gorgeous dyes to give him grace ;
Clad in raiment unassuming,
On his neatness, rather, pluming,
He outdoes the rest in grooming—
Cannot tolerate a feather out of place.

He is first to greet the coming of the day,
And the last to chant as twilight fades away ;
Also in the sultry noonning,
You may hear him gently crooning,
Or in merry accents tuning
As he perches on the cherry's highest spray.

He's a jolly little joker, and he takes
From the others all the trills with which he wakes ;
Steals the thrush's choicest treasure,
Robs the redbird of a measure,
Uses robin's notes at pleasure,
In the medley of the melody he makes.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER

STILL there are lovely flowers
And pleasant garden bowers ;
Still bluebirds gather near
With songs of merry cheer ;
Still gentle breezes bring
Their scented offering.

It seems, perhaps, we make
Sometimes a grave mistake,
When thoughtlessly we call
This time of year the Fall.
A fall's a tumble—drop—
A sort of flipper-flop ;
But this—this is a slide,
A gentle, languid glide
From golden summer time
To crisp and silver rime.

Sweet calm is everywhere :
We breathe a smoke-cured air ;
The trees are gaily dressed
As in their Sunday best ;
The mellowed sunbeams give
Delight to all who live.

There is no sharp-drawn line
To carefully define
The torrid season's end ;
But dexterously blend
The good old summer days
And Autumn's azure haze.
And so

 We go
 On slow,
And though
 We know
 It's so,
We feel we cannot say
That Summer's passed away.

Yet soon the trees will shed
Their duds of gold and red,
Preparing for their deep
And placid winter sleep ;
And some day there will be
Decline in mercury,
And rain, and snow, and sleet,
Red noses and cold feet,
And chills, and ague shakes,
And grip, with all its aches,
And doctors for these ills,
With pills and squills and bills.

But now, such things are not ;
It's neither cold nor hot ;
But simply, grandly, fine !
Deliciously divine !

THE GAME

LONG time hath passed since then, but still,
When memory brings the scene to view,
My bosom feels the burning thrill
Which then, in Love's first hour, I knew.

Youth's brightest charms lay on her face,
Where roses bloomed in Alpine snows;
Where dimpling laughter loved to chase
Each faint attempt at calm repose.

Her s'ender hand hung o'er the board,
In doubt to choose the proper piece;
Upon her smiling lips the word
Half died before it found release.

A maiden, perfect as a flower!
A happiness without a sorrow!
To spend so sweetly such an hour,
Who would not from the future borrow?

'Twas long ago; the very game
Betokens what our course hath been—
Now here, now there—what recked the player?
It mattered not which one should win.

A SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES

DE WADDLE'S son had earned his father's
ire,
And had been bidden to his room retire ;
Where he must bide (the dreadful sentence ran)
In durance vile till morn remove the ban.

Scarce had the deep toned town clock six times
toll'd
The hours that follow noon, when in that hold
The youth's dire lot was cast. Fiercely he raged,
Like to a catamount that's newly caged,
Till on the floor he flung himself, and there,
O'erwhelmed at last by terrible despair,
He heaved convulsive sobs, and groans, and sighs,
And scalding teardrops gushed from both his eyes.

As thus he lay, unto his spirit came
A feeble light, which grew like beacon's flame,
That flickers first, then steady grows and bright,
Until its ruddy radiance fills the night.
With eyes dilate, and surging wrath renewed,
The youth arose and struck an attitude
Which Ajax with approval might have viewed ;
Then with his fist he smote his swelling breast
And dared his father do his worst and best.

"Aha!" cried he, (for in the tales he'd read,
So stood the heroes, and such words they said)—
"Aha! Henceforth forever I'll be free!
No pent up slave in Utica I'll be!
The time at last is come; this very night
Far from this place of woe I bend my flight!
Henceforth a mighty hunter I will roam,
And all the boundless west shall be my home.
I'll raise a long mustache and flowing hair;
I'll chase the mountain lion to his lair;
The highest of the Rockies I will scale,
And follow hot upon the Red Man's trail
To rescue beauteous maids from his caresses
And have them staunch my wounds with golden
tresses.

I'll be the mortal foe of beasts and men,
And all the world shall read of 'Bully Ben.'"

Thus having said, bold Benjamin went o'er
The sum and substance of his worldly store:
Few pennies; yet in marbles, knives and cord,
Richer by far than many a landed lord.
Then, on the margin of that wild romance,
"Daredevil Dick, the Duke in Deerskin Pants,"
He roughly wrote:

"proud parent fare the wel
Thy hotty ruff i leve i Will not tel
Why i depart accept your crewel coarse
Again farewell dont die of Wild remorse
For i am hapy Yours no longer Ben.
Tel Ma Goodby until We meat again"

He pinned this cramped epistle to the wall
And waited for the friendly night to fall.
He sat and watched the sinking of the sun,
When all the west with gore seemed overrun ;
While fancy turned the shadows of the trees
To skulking, red-skinned aborigines ;
And he, with an imaginary gun,
Keen-eyed, pursued and slew them, one by one.
Yet, when the jingling supper-bell was rung,
A misty veil before his eyes there hung,
And half he wished—but no ! he must be brave
Who hopes to rend the shackles of the slave !
So, pacing slowly up and down the floor,
He turned his father's insults o'er and o'er,
Until his mind, where meaner thoughts had mixed,
Was now once more on freedom firmly fixed.

At last night's shadows deepened far and wide ;
The tree-frog trilled his lay, and loud replied
His deep-voiced cousin from the neighboring ditch ;
While sang the owl in mellow tones and rich ;
Old Morpheus now with juice of poppy steeps
The darkened air, and all the household sleeps—
The hour has come : the epoch making hour,
The death of serfdom and the birth of power !
Sleep on, good folks ! and happy be your dreams—
You will be sad enough when morning beams !

The hour has come ; the youth full well has
planned
His course to freedom ; with a dextrous hand

The shutter stealthily he opens wide :
Two sheets, well-knotted, to the low sill tied,
Will lower him to earth—to earth ! and then
Hurrah for freedom and for Bully Ben !

He sits upon the sill ; the pale moon shines ;
The white clothes drying on a neighbor's lines
Gleam like gaunt specters, swaying to and fro,
And shivers down his spinal column go.
He hears De Waddles, senior, in his sleep,
Snore like some ogre in his cavern keep ;
The time, the hour, the very moment's here
When from these scenes the youth must disappear.

He scales the sill and downward glides—alas !
Did ever hero come to such a pass ?
His aftward garment with hook entangles,
And high in air proud young De Waddles dangles !

In this predicament he turns his hope
To climbing up the knotted linen rope ;
He tugs and pulls, but tugs and pulls in vain—
The rope above his reach is rent in twain !
Trust now, O Ben, unto thy tailor's stitches,
And eke the textile strength of thy knee breeches !
For, should they fail thee in this trial sore,
Thou must be dropped full thirteen feet or more !
Ah, what an awful end for one so young !
And yet, what shame it were thus to be hung
Till morn reveal thee to the passers by ;
Like some old tavern symbol, hung on high !

One hope, and only one, before him lies :
He must depend for succor on his cries ;
So, out upon the night air wildly ring
Full many shouts and shrieks most harrowing.
Up go the windows over all the town,
The doors burst open, folks rush up and down,
Until at last, there in the moon's full ray,
They see a sight that fills them with dismay.
"A ladder ! Bring a ladder !" many shout,
The while the village bells ring madly out,
Excited people throng in tumult wild,
And see aloft De Waddles' luckless child,
Illumined brightly by the full round moon ;
A dreadful sight—enough to make one swoon !

At length the youth is safely brought to land,
Relieved of great suspense ; yet all demand
The reason of his hanging—how and why ?
His only answer is again to cry ;
Whereat his father, guessing shrewdly well,
Explains just how the accident befell,
And from that moment of distress and shame
Young Ben De Waddles grew more mild and
tame,
And having cast aside all vain romance.
Now honors both his parents and his pants.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

WE gathered round the stranger from the
South,
The rough, ungainly plant with ragged
leaves,

Brought from its native land of sun and drouth,
Forlornly sad, as one in exile grieves.

July's bright sun had set ; the western field
Of heaven showed the new moon's silver thread,
And we, like worshipers, devoutly kneeled
To watch the buds unto their glory spread.

A waxen flower, just touched with tint of cream,
Lifting its petals as a sentient thing ;
We saw them softly move, and drank the stream
Of fragrant ichor welling from the spring.

Within the deep recess, now opening fast,
What fairy work, so intricate, so fine !
Nay ; even Eastern marvels are surpassed—
No genie ever wrought such fair design !

That flower so rich should grace so poor a leaf !
That was the wonder by the lip expressed ;
And yet we knew that by such high relief
The Father teaches to His children best.

Out of the darkness He created light ;
Out of the slime He draws the purest flower ;
From gloomy clouds come crystals dazzling white ;
From deepest woe the soul leaps into power.

PEACE

AWAY from the town and its worry,
From life and its struggles away !
How happy and peaceful the moments
So passed on a fair April day !

Where falls the tall sycamore's shadow
On eddy just spotted with foam ;
Where, down in the depth of the water,
The gamy black bass has his home.

To lie on the sward with the bluets,
And list to the oriole's song,
And breathe the sweet air of the forest—
No day can be ever too long.

WHILE SILVER CLINKS

DEAL out the drinks!
What matter though a woman's heart
May burst with bitter grief?
Will not this silver soothe the smart
And bring my soul relief?
Hear how it clinks!
Deal out the drinks!

Deal out the drinks!
Though souls be damned and ruin come;
Though health and home be wrecked,
This appetite of man for rum
Shall not by me be checked
While silver clinks!
Deal out the drinks!

Deal out the drinks!
Destroy the god-like mind of man;
Pervert this earth to hell!
What matters the Creator's plan,
While we have rum to sell,
And silver clinks?
Deal out the drinks!

THE SOUL'S RELEASE

DEATH is a dreadful thing ;
But not to him who dies,
For to his yearning eyes
Come gleams of Paradise
To ease his suffering.

'Tis full of dread to those
Who sadly linger here,
And see, year after year,
Fond faces disappear ;
Theirs are the keenest throes.

Theirs is the bitterness ;
Theirs are the grief and pain ;
The sorrowful refrain :
"He will not come again !"
Brings ever new distress.

O aching hearts, find peace
In this sweet thought alway ;
We, too, shall fly away !
Then welcome that glad day
When gets the soul release !

CORDELIA

I LOOKED upon her face, and beauty there
Shone as the richest gem that fits a crown ;
Her low, pale brow, as Aphrodites' fair,
Had never known the gathering of a frown ;
Her lips were faultless, and they seemed but made
For liquid words that lovers linger o'er ;
Her eyes had caught from Heaven the deep blue
shade

And quiet power that made my heart adore.
But more than beauty in her face I met,
Of value more than all the winning grace
And sweet components of a woman's power ;
The comely virtues, one and all, had set
Their freshest charms upon the maiden's face
And given her the pureness of a flower.

NOVEMBER

THERE is no month in all the year
But brings its due amount of cheer ;
Yet, one above the rest I prize :
November—month of gloomy skies !

Then comes the merry annual feast,
With thankful hearts for stores increased,
For hope, for friends, for love's caress,
For lengthened life and happiness.

Though blighting frost has killed the flowers,
And sunshine yields to drizzling showers,
With flurries now and then of snow,—
November sets the heart aglow.

What care I for the coming cold?
What care I though the year be old?
From yonder gray and gusty arch
Æolus plays our wedding march !

Thanksgiving Day recalls to mind
The many blessings that I find
While traveling this round of life,
But none more precious than my wife.

And so again I bravely say,
Sing ye of June or sing of May,
No other month of all the year
Has brought me half November's cheer.

A VALENTINE

AS, when the evening shades appear,
The fond dove seeks the friendly tree,
His loving mate to softly cheer,
So, fondly would I turn to thee.

As from the hills the rivulet
Does onward strive to reach the sea,
Through devious ways with anxious fret,
So ever turns my life to thee.

True as the day does follow night,
Where'er on earth my lot may be,
In storm or calm, in dark or light,
My thoughts, dear love, will turn to thee.

COURAGE !

HEAREST thou not how the wild wind is
sighing

Its cares to the leafless and shuddering tree?
Hearest thou not the dark branches replying,
Repining at Winter's unfeeling decree?

Seest thou not how the great clouds are driven
Like misshapen monsters, in weird, silent flight?
Seest thou not how the fair stars of heaven
Yield up to those monsters their beautiful light?

Yet will the wind, that so sadly is wailing,
Right cheerfully sing of rare beauty and love ;
Yet the tree bloom, and the clouds, onward sail-
ing,
Reveal the pure stars still in splendor above.

Yield not thy heart to despairing emotion ;
Blench not when the storms of the worldlings
arise ;

Calm be thy breast as the depth o' the ocean
Though envious minds toss its foam to the skies.

JACK KIRBY'S COON

A Ballad of the Hills

COME, gather near, good people, while I pick
the banjo string,
An' listen to the ballad that I am about to
sing.

It's partly of a little boy, Jack Kirby was his name,
An' partly of a little coon as was owned by that
same ;

A feller from the country as was very fond o'
Jack,
Had left it with him, sayin' it was sharper than a
tack ;

An' you can bet that it was sharp ; why, coons
jest nat'rally are ;

They make a sort o' link betwixt a monkey an' a
b'ar

With now an' then a glint o' fox a-peepin' frum
their eyes,

An' playin' off at times jest like a possum when
he dies.

An' that 'ere coon that Jack possessed was not
behind the rest—

In fact, I rayther think for smartness he could beat
the best.

The little sharp-nosed, ring-tailed cuss was always
in for sport ;
Jack had it christened Jupiter, but called it Jupe
for short.
Say, you've seen monkeys, an' you know the
measly tricks they do ?
Well, that 'ere coon was equal to a full-sized
monkey crew.

When Jack first showed him at the house, he
was a reg'lar pet ;
They 'd stroke his fur, an' praise his tail, an' liked
to see him set
An' eat a lump o' sugar or a piece o' frosted cake ;
An' when he walked, they laughed an' laughed—
you 'd ought to see 'em shake !
They fattened it with honey served in a silver
spoon ;
There wasn't nothin' in the house too good for
that 'ere coon,
An' Granma Kirby, most of all, appeared to take
delight
In watchin' of its antics, jest because it seemed so
bright.
She said 'at Jupe reminded her so much o' little Jack,
Especially when settin' up—it hunched so in the
back !
An' then they 'd git to laughin' an' they 'd wink
at one another,
An' say aloud, "Poor little Jupe ! He wants to
look like brother !"

But that was in the first few weeks—a sort o'
honeymoon,
When Jack an' Jupe was happy, till a change
come, all too soon.
The novelty was all wore off; the fam'ly ceased
to laugh,
An' even Granma Kirby 'most forgot to sling her
chaff.
Though little Jack unto the coon still steadfast was
and true,
He couldn't git 'em to applaud the things that
coon would do.
And sad indeed it is to say, but yet I must relate
That Granma's cool indifference soon turned to
bitter hate.
You see, it was about this way: Like all the
sharp-nosed kind,
That furry little creetur had a most enquirin' mind,
So, when he seen a ball o' yarn a-layin' on the
floor,
He 'd pull it all to pieces, jest to see what's at the
core;
An' that, o' course, made Granma wroth, because
it was her ball,
An' she 'd attack it with the broom, till Jack raised
up a squall.

One time, while waitin' for Jack's pa, the sup-
per table set,
An' all had gathered round the fire, that pesky
little pet

Slipped in the kitchen unbeknown an' clumb the
table there,
An' went a-snoopin' roun' among the bits o' china-
ware.
At len'th he found the bowl in which they kep'
the sugar stored,
An' undertook to help himself a little frum the
hoard ;
An act, o' course, resultin' in upsettin' o' the bowl,
Which set out, frum its natur', on the table for to
roll,
With Jupe a' scramblin' after—Say, there was an
awful crash !
An' broken dishes on the floor was mingled up
with hash !
The fam'ly come a-rushin' in—it was a sickly sight,
And supper was a little late in bein' served that
night.

That raised a great excitement, an' poor Jupe
was doomed to die ;
But little Jack stood by him, with a hot tear in
his eye,
Like Pocahontas savin' Smith ; he dared 'em do
their worst,
An' said if they killed Jupiter they'd have to kill
him first.
His pa was mad as he could be, an' dragged the
coon to death ;
Swore he would chop his neck right through, so
he would lose his breath ;

But Jack he clung unto his arm, an' pa begun to
melt,
Because he'd been a boy hisself, an' knowed jest
how boys felt.
So, spite of all the argyments that Granma she
could say,
Jack held the fort, an' Jupiter was still allowed to
stay.

You've seen some children that was raised by
parents good and kind,
That was allowed to come an' go jest when they
had a mind;
That when they wanted things to eat would open
closet doors
An' help themselves to bread an' cake or any
other stores;
An' be so free an' easy, like they's partners in
the place,
An' never 'lowed a sneakin' look to spoil an
honest face?
I've seen 'em an' admired 'em, for they always
made me feel
There's young folks growin' up as don't know
what it is to steal.
An' then again, I 'low you've seen some little
folks too scared
To speak above a whisper, an' that never would
have dared
To hint that they was hungry when the things
was put away,

For fear their kind mama would box their ears for
 bein' gay ;
But when their ma had skipped out to a neigh-
 bor's 'cross the street,
Them little kids would rummage for some things
 that they could eat ;
They'd do it in a manner that was so exceedin'
 sly
'Twas calculated to deceive their ma's most prac-
 ticed eye—
A little lump o' sugar, or a tiny slice o' cake,
A little this, a little that—whatever they could
 take
Of things to ease that gnawin' pain, without their
 ma's perceivin' ;
An' so they grewed up little thieves, all lyin' an'
 deceivin',
An' had a sort o' hunted look. expectin' all the
 time
To be surprised an' punished for committin' some
 big crime.

But Jupe was not a human, so it would be
 hardly fair
To class him with the children of a too partickler
 pair ;
An' yet he seemed to know that they was watch-
 in' him right close,
An' waitin' for a chance to give him jest one salty
 dose ;
So he acquired a sneakin' way o' wanderin' about,

An' when they thought he was within, sometimes
he was without ;

An' when they thought he was without, of course
he was within—

In that respect the cat an' Jupe was very much
akin.

You know how sly the cat is, when it's time to
close the house—

She 'll seek the darkest corner an' lay quiet as a
mouse.

Then sometimes Jupe would sneak upstairs, an'
climbin' on the bed,

Would shut his eyes an' curl his tail to cover up
his head ;

But woe unto that sleepy coon if Granma found
him there !

She'd take the broomstick to him an' would drive
him frum his lair.

Still, he was rayther obstinate, an' though he's
druv away,

'Twas very like they 'd find him snuggled on the
bed next day.

Once Granma Kirby missed him, so she slipped
soft up the stairs,

A-thinkin' she could catch him on the bed all
unawares ;

But no, the bed was vacant, an' it had no holler
place,

So, if the critter'd been there, it had gone an'
lef' no trace,

An' for a moment Granma thought she 'd lost the
trail complete,
An' with a sigh she 'd jest begun to beat a sad
retreat,
When, noticin' a bureau drawer was open rayther
wide,
She peeped within, an' seen the coon, all snuggled
up, inside !

My, my ! What wicked thoughts then come
in Granma Kirby's head !
At first she thought to shut the drawer an' starve
him till he 's dead ;
But fearin' Jack would find him an' would set the
critter free,
She set her mind to kill the thing, an' that right
suddenly.
So then she tiptoed down the stairs, into the settin'
room,
To git the deadly poker for the little rascal's doom.
She stuck the poker in the fire until the p'int was red,
An' then she tiptoed up the stairs, as light as she
could tread.
She crep' up to the open drawer, an' held the
poker firm,
Then socked it down into the coon, so quick he
did n't squirm !
Again she prodded, an' again that red-hot poker
went
Clean through the hide of Jupiter, an' raised an
awful scent.

It was the hatred that for weeks had burned in
Granma's soul,
Went with the strength of her right arm down in
each sizzling hole!

The smell o' burnin' hide an' fur aroused Jack's
ma, an' she
Run up the stairs, two at a time, to see what
wrong could be.
Had Granma set her clo'es on fire, an' was that
her a-burnin' ?
The thought o' that near set her wild, till in the
bedroom turnin'
She seen her standin' in a cloud, a poker in her
hand,
A-lookin' like she's on the stage, theatrical an'
grand.
"Why, ma!" she cried; "what's wrong?" an' then
her heart become like lead,
Because she thought that Granma had entirely
lost her head.

"Elmiry Ann," said Granma, in a voice of
tragic tones,
"Elmiry Ann! I've killed him! I have pierced
him to the bones!"
"Killed him! Killed who?" Elmiry shrieked, an'
stepped into the room;
A-tryin' hard to see who's killed in that 'ere
smoky gloom.
"Why, Jupe, the ornry sneakin' coon!" Elmiry
closeter stepped.

"I catthed him in your bureau drawer, an' killed
him while he slept!"

"Not Jupe!" Elmiry Ann exclaimed, "He's with
Jack in the shed.

O ma! You thought you'd killed poor Jupe,
an' burnt my muff instead!"

An' then Elmiry raised the muff, an' held it up to
view,

An' seen the awful places where the poker had
gone through;

Then down upon the floor she dropped, an'
shook like one gone daft,

An' looked upon the muff, an' screamed, an'
shoo't, an' cried an' laughed,

While Grarma Kirby marched downstairs, as
solemn as could be,

So dreadful aggravated that she wouldn't take no
tea;

An' frum that very hour it seemed she lost her
appetite,

An' sort o' pined away, an' talked about sad
things at night,

Suggestin' where she'd like to have her body laid
at rest,

Until Jack's pa an' ma an' all begun to be dis-
tressed.

Then one day Jupe was missin'; though he
hunted high an' low,
Jack couldn't find a trace of him, an' he was filled
with woe.

His ma said likely Jupe had gone back to the
woods to roam,
As was quite nat'ral for all beasts, they like to be
at home.
Jack suffered great affliction, but his youth soon
pulled him through,
While Granma Kirby brightened up, an' reelly
cheerful grew.
But what become of that 'ere coon, there 's only
one can tell,
An' all his friends declare Jack's pa can keep a
secret well.

RUBAIYAT OF THE TURKEY

THOU Barnyard Tyrant, proudly strutting now,
Make what thou can'st of passing Time, for
thou

Art marked for my Thanksgiving Sacrifice,
And to the Block thine own haught Block must
bow.

The farewell Gobble soon shall leave thy Throat,
Thinned down into a Promissory Note.

And then thine ancient Foe, the Cat, will come,
And o'er thy gory Head will muse and gloat.

And, having lost thy Head, thou'lt lose thy Tail,
And Pinions, too ; then will the Knife assail

Thine Understanding, severing thy Legs,
Just at the Height to which they're wont to scale.

So, pulled and scraped when thou shouldst be at
Rest,

Eviscerated, trussed—as if in Jest,

The Perpetrator of this Deed will say,
When thou art naked, thou art fully dressed.

Nor yet a decent Burial is thine ;

Into the Oven thou 'lt be turned at Nine,

Thine hollowed Carcass filled with strange
Conceits,

There to remain until 'tis Time to dine.

The Guests are gathered round the genial Board,
The Words of Praise from thankful Hearts out-
poured ;

The banquet Door is opened, and appears
The Cook, triumphant o'er the Barnyard Lord.

What gracious Odors then shall fill the Air !

What sniffings from the Guests all gathered there !

What exclamations of Delight and Praise !

What gay green Garnishments thy Corpse will
wear !

Then shall the Host employ the various Arts
Of Culture Physical, to carve thy Parts,

And send them round the Table, piece by Piece,
With Condiments procured from various Marts.

Thy Darkness mingled strangely with the Light,

Thy Drumsticks tuneless, Wings in wayward Flight,

Thy Liver and thy Gizzard far apart—

Majestic Bird, reduced to cruel Plight !

'Tis sad to think that thou, so proud and vain,
For Man's Rejoicing must so foul be slain ;

Yet, what, without thee, were this Glorious
Day ?

How else could Thanks be rendered half so plain ?

So, as I said a while ago, Strut on,

Thou Barnyard Gobbler ! For eftsoons, anon,

Thou shalt be gobbled, and thy Kith and Kin
Will wonder to what Bourne thou can'st have
gone.

NIMROD

AND it's O for the feel of an old pair of shoes,
Well worn at the heel and bulged out at
the side,

With a slouchy old coat that a tramp would refuse,
And a hat that my better half long has decried !

Then it's off to the hill

For the wild lust to kill,

Has enslaved me and drags me about at its will.

And it's woe to the quail and the scared cotton-tail !

And it's woe to the squirrel that perches on
high !

For I'm off to the hill on the hunter's lone trail,

With a smile on my lip, but with blood in my
eye !

Up the hill and down dale

I will follow the trail,

And return with my game wadded up in a bale !

Oh ! I'm Nimrod the Great ! But I don't hunt in
state,

With a pack of loud yelpers to rout out the game ;

I depart before breakfast, get back rather late,

And so I preserve without trouble my fame ;

For my neighbors all know

That a long time ago

I returned with a couple of squirrels or so.

PRESERVED SUNSHINE

WHEN there's gladness in the air,
Look without !
When the days are passing fair,
Look without !
Meadow, orchard, hill and vale
Yellow road and woodland trail,
Babbling brook and crimson tree,
All the glad things that you see—
Let their beauty not depart
'Till it saturate your heart !
Look without !

When the golden days are past,
Look within !
When the sky is overcast,
Look within !
Overhaul the garnered store,
And the precious wealth outpour !
Spread the sunshine and perfume
Of the heart upon the gloom !
You will banish dreary days
If you will, with earnest gaze,
Look within !

A FANTASY

I N love we cease to live; our lives—
Or what we call our lives—become
Regardless of the walls and gyves
That make our living burdensome.

Free as the air, with each caress
We higher fly, and far below
The misty earth grows less and less,
While Love's domains still broader grow.

Thus doth the subtle Fancy run,
Till Love, its leader, fly away ;
Then, back to where all was begun—
To walls, and gyves, and living clay.

Oh, then, when Love has gained the heart,
Guard well the gate for fear he fly ;
For rather than let him depart,
It would be well for thee to die.

NOTHING IN VAIN

EVERY mortal has a mission ;
No one lives in vain ;
Though we die before ambition
Tastes the pleasure of fruition,
Though we toil with pain.

Every flower, from its fetter
Bursting glad and free,
Helps all nature to look better,
Makes the world to it a debtor,
Though it barren be.

All the world may seem a jumble,
Yet we're moving on ;
What though now and then we stumble—
It is foolishness to grumble ;
Bid your cares begone !

You're a part of this creation—
Do the best you can !
Though you have an humble station,
Win the honest estimation
Of your fellow man !

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